EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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JOSEPH BEFORE PHAROAH.

FRED'S APPRENTICESHIP.

BY KATE L. BROWN.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

THE room was toward the back of the house, and the neighbors exerted themselves in keeping quiet for the sake of the bonny boy whose accident had so aroused their sympathies.

To the father's anxious inquiries Dr. Stone said reassuringly that the injury to the back was not serious, that the boy suffered nervously more than from any other cause; he needed to be kept quiet under just the loving care that Mrs Gray gave him. So the father yielded with a sigh, as he realized that even all his wealth could not supply to his motherless boy the tenderness he craved.

Two weeks passed, and Fred was about again, a little paler perhaps, but as roguish and happy as ever He returned home, and life resumed its usual course for both families.

The winter set in, and after Christmas the two boys again sat side by side in Prescott Grammar School. But when the spring term opened Fred was alone. Phil had gone back to his work.

Summer came with its hot days, and school was almost over. One day as Phil left the store at six he met Fred, who locked arm in his, and walked on with him. Fred chatted about his summer plans, of the house at the sea-shore, and the mountain trip. Suddenly realizing how silent his friend was, he said, "What are *you* going to do, old fellow?"

"Just the same as usual," was the low reply.

"Why, you don't mean to say that you're going to work on in this hot hole all summer!"

"I must."

"Why, haven't you a grandfather or an uncle up in the country who would let you come and stay a couple of weeks?"

"We have no one. Besides, even if we had, I could n't go; mother needs my money."

"What does your mother do, Phil?"

"She used to sew in a shop where they made aprons and underwear. Now she gets sewing wherever she can."

"Did n't she like the first place?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; we got on very well when we had that."

"Why did she change? Did n't her work suit?"

Phil hesitated, and a flush crept over his face.

A sudden light broke into Fred's mind. "You don't mean to say that she lost her place because she took care of me last winter?" he exclaimed.

"Well, you see they were in a rush, and one of the old hands came back, so they took her. Mother hopes to get back in the fall."

Fred uttered an exclamation of dismay, and the tears filled his eyes.

"Oh, never mind," said Phil, cheerfully; "mother 's had pretty steady work, and your father paid her a good deal more than she could have earned in the same time. Then think how much he has given us, — that chair for Lesley, and all those things at Christmas."

"That does n't put bread into your mouths now," Fred replied, bitterly.

The two boys separated, both feeling uncomfortable.

Fred went home to his father full of this new subject.

Mr. Barton was indeed shocked. "We have been most thoughtless," he said gravely, "and we must remedy our mistakes."

"Don't care, think I 'm a pig!" sobbed the excited boy. "Like to know why I have everything and the best fellow in the world next to nothing; makes me so ashamed! I don't amount to a row of pins."

"Come, my boy, don't be down-hearted. We 'll plan a way," said his father, cheerfully. "What do you say to this? You know the little red cottage next to ours at the beach? Well, it won't be occupied until August. I think Floyd will let us have it, and we 'll have the whole family down for a couple of weeks."

"That will be splendid! But, Father, Phil says he can't leave his place, even to go away."

"Well, I 'll pay his mother the sum."

"Thank you, Father; but I 've thought of another way. Suppose I go in the store and take Phil's place."

Mr. Barton surveyed his son with a look of comical surprise. "What in the world put that in your head?"

"Well, Father," — and the boy's head drooped low, — "I 've been thinking a good deal, and things seem so different since I 've known Phil. I have so much — *too much;* it is n't fair. It is easy enough to give money; there's no self-denial in that. I want to give Phil something that really means something. Besides, I want to *know* just what such a thing means. Oh, do let me, Father!"

"It will be very hard for you, Fred," replied his father, slowly. "You are not accustomed to such a life."

"If Phil can stand it more than half of the time, I guess I can for two weeks."

"Well, if you will stick to it you have my permission, Only I exact one condition — two: if your back begins to trouble you, you must let me know at once; another, no one must know you to be the nephew of the head of the firm."

"All right, I 'll keep 'em both. It will be better for me to go in so; then no one will feel bound to show me favors," replied Fred, heartily.

"Very well, my boy;" and Mr Barton looked at his son, an odd moisture dimming his keen black eyes.

The Grays could hardly believe their good fortune; but that Fred should take Phil's place in the store seemed incredible.

Fred represented it as a favor, and talked so grandly of "business," "small beginnings," and "climbing the ladder," that his friends were almost persuaded that he was in earnest.

One hot day in July he found himself "No. 15" in Arnold and Crosby's large establishment.

He had put on a flannel suit such as he wore yachting and camping out, and flattered himself that he looked "quite the thing."

For an hour or two the novelty of the place and his position fully occupied his attention. He liked dodging through the crowd; he liked to lounge against the counters and talk nonsense with the girls. The girls liked him for his handsome face and witty speeches.

But after a time he grew hot and tired. It did seem as if he was kept on his feet every moment. No sooner did he return from one trip to the cashier, than "Fifteen! here, Cash! Cash!" would be the cry.

At noontime he went to a restaurant where his father had arranged meals for him, and ate as heartily as only hungry boys can. Perhaps it was too heartily, for he felt more like dozing than running about after he returned to the store.

At six o'clock he left the store and hailed the horse-car for home, the most tired boy, it seemed to him, in all creation.

He dozed over his supper, and soon after crept into bed, aching in every limb.

"Don't see how dear old Phil ever stands it," he muttered to himself as he drifted into dreamland.

The days went on, one very much like the others. He grew more accustomed to his work, and did not get so tired. But he saw many things that made him think very deeply, and shed a few tears in his own room at night.

He saw frail, ill-developed boys and delicate little girls on their feet from morning to night, until their pallid faces and dark-ringed eyes told of the physical exhaustion that must necessarily follow. There was some positive unkindness, but more careless and ill-considered treatment of these little ones. They were hustled about, sharply reprimanded if slow, and treated with such utter lack of consideration that Fred's heart fairly ached from sympathy.

One wan little midget irresistibly drew his attention. Susy had a pair of great mournful dark eyes that never seemed to have one ray of mirth in them. She was such a tiny creature — one to be cuddled and kissed rather than to have to earn her bread in that great store.

Fred found her one night on the stairs, crying bitterly. "My feet are so tired I can't get home!" she sobbed. So our boy put his arms about her, patted the little dark head, and said, "Don't cry, you poor little dear! You shall *ride* home in the horse-car. See!" holding up a shining nickel, "that is yours. Now come along, and we 'll get some oranges before you take your car."

Fred thinks he shall never forget the picture the wee maiden made as she hugged the big bag of oranges, her dark eyes speaking their thanks more fully than any words. After that, little Susy seemed to look to "No. 15" for protection.

One day there was an unusual rush of business, and the little "Cashes" were kept running back and forth all day without cessation. Susy had been detained at the desk, and when she came back, one of the clerks was in a towering passion, and yelled so at the little creature that she trembled like a leaf. "Go at once!" he thundered. Poor Susy looked before her in a confused way; fright and weariness had made her almost helpless. The man seized her roughly, and shouted, "Why don't you go, you little idiot?"

Fred, who was near, sprang forward, and wrenched the pallid child from the grasp of her tormentor.

"Are n't you ashamed, you great brute? The little thing 's killing herself hurrying. I 'll report you!"

The man looked at Fred very much as a great Newfoundland or mastiff would view an impertinent little puppy.

"What have *you* to say about it?" he remarked freezingly. "You may get reported yourself."

Then Fred remembered his promise, and was silent, although his indignation knew no bounds.

The boy lost no opportunity in getting acquainted with his companions, and many were the thoughtful acts of kindness he bestowed upon them. He gave up his restaurant dinners, and brought from home a great basket full of all kinds of goodies, which he liberally bestowed

upon his companions. He came to be almost regarded as a fairy prince who had all wonders at his command, but no one suspected his real identity.

It was the close of the second week, and Mr. Barton had telegraphed both Fred and Mrs. Ryder to come to Red Roofs by the Sunday boat.

Business having slackened, the store was closed at four, and Fred for some unaccountable reason started to walk instead of ride home. He was feeling strangely depressed, for he dreaded leaving the tired children who had come to depend upon him.

The old sense of the inequality of things came heavily upon him. He felt ashamed of the ease and comfort he was going to. "It is n't fair. It is n't fair," was the inward cry.

A church door stood open and he went in, glad for the chance to rest a moment. Over the altar was a window in which was a beautiful figure of the Christ blessing the little children.

Fred sat down in a pew and looked at the window. He thought of the weary little ones he had left behind, and his heart swelled with a bitter sorrow. He was not ashamed to put his head down and cry; it did him good. As he got up to go, the setting sun streamed in through the window and illuminated the figure and the words under it. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these my little ones, ye have done it unto me."

The boy stood there gazing; a great light had dawned in his soul.

"That is just what *he* did; I will do the same," was his inward resolve.

I need not tell you more.

The Grays never went back to the little house in Clyde Street. Mrs. Gray became Mr. Barton's housekeeper, and a suite of rooms in the wing of the mansion was fitted up for her use. Lesley had doctors, Bennie grew hopeful and forgot to whine, while Dilly was Mr. Barton's pet and ruled the whole house. The old friendship between Phil and Fred never was broken. They went to college together, and entered the same business at the same time. But better than all, they loved the same good things, and were engaged heart and soul in the same work of helpfulness to others.

And the years brought to them the honor and love of men and the grateful tears of the poor.

WHAT MAIDIE LOST.

SUCH big brown eyes! And how lonesome and hungry they looked! At least Maidie thought so when she passed their owner at recess.

Noontime came, and the same little girl was in the same quiet place down by the big rock, all alone. She was eating dinner now, and though there was only an apple and a cooky in her basket, the hungry look in the big brown eyes meant more than want of food.

Maidie sincerely pitied the lonesome stranger. She longed to go to her and put both arms around her neck, and say, "No matter if you are a new girl, we are all glad you are here. Come right along and play with us."

But she did n't say this. No, nor anything else. She thought, "Helen would n't be pleased to have me notice a girl who wears such poor clothes and lives in a tumble-down house; and I would n't do anything to offend Helen for the world." And Maidie went off to her play, and nobody spoke to the little girl by the rock.

It seemed a long, long day to the little girl. She was so glad when it came night and she could go home to her mother, and have a hug and kiss, and feel that some one in the world loved her. But she did not want to go to school again. She begged and pleaded that she might stay close by her mother all the time. The mother shook her head. She loved the child too well to yield to her wishes; and the next day, with a sad heart, the little girl took her place again in school.

Maidie had tried not to think of those brown eyes, but the more she tried to forget them the more they haunted her. She even dreamed about them; and before she knew it she was asking herself, "How should I feel to go among strangers, and not know a single soul to speak to, 'specially if I had to wear calico dresses and ten-cent stockings?"

But she could not make up her mind to speak to the "new girl." Helen's family were very aristocratic. Maidie would be ashamed to have Helen see her do it. She loved Helen dearly. If the truth were known, she feared her, too. She would leave little Brown Eyes for somebody else to pity.

Somebody else, however, seemed of the same mind as herself, for the girls went on with their games without noticing the stranger. But where was Helen? Maidie missed her. Ah, there she was, and — could Maidie believe her eyes? — leading the new girl by the hand.

The brown eyes did not look hungry now. They were bright and happy.

"Oh, Maidie!" called Helen, "come and get acquainted with Jessie. Is n't it queer, she was here all day yesterday and nobody found it out. In our class, too! I was n't at school, you know. You 'll soon feel at home now, Jessie." The last sentence was accompanied by a bright smile.

Jessie did soon feel at home, for of course none of the girls would be unfriendly with one whom Helen noticed. Maidie was glad for the stranger. She felt somewhat ashamed of herself, however, and determined never again to neglect doing right for fear of what any one might say.

That night, in her own little room, she thought the whole matter over again. She had a habit of talking to herself when very much in earnest. This is what she said that night: —

"Somehow I feel as if I had lost something, though what it is, I can't imagine." A moment later she added: "I know, I lost an opportunity for doing good; and I think I lost, besides, what grandma calls a blessing." — *Sunday-School Advocate.*

History and Biography.

FOUR NOBLE WOMEN.

BY KATHERINE HAGAR.

A NUMBER of ladies at a lunch-party were asked to give the name of the woman of the United States who has been the most useful, and by her work and influence of the greatest benefit, to her country.

A gray-haired lady who remembered when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a revelation of the horrors of slavery to many indifferent, careless persons, spoke of HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, and asked if she had not proved her claim to the first and foremost place, by her aid in making not only this nation believe, but the whole world ("Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been translated into every European language, and several Asiatic tongues), that "there is no reason why the negro is not entitled to the natural rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence, — the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'

The President of the Women's Indian Association in our little city alluded in a few eloquent words to the long sufferings of the Indians, and to the enthusiastic devotion of HELEN HUNT JACKSON to their cause, and the effect of her writings, especially of "Ramona," throughout the length and breadth of our land.

The Secretary of a Society for the Relief of the Poor, whose object has been to aid all who are in distress for want of food and clothing or on account of sickness, to keep the poor children clothed comfortably for the public schools, and to check imposture and street-begging, reminded the questioners of JOSEPHINE SHAW LOWELL, and of her efforts to influence public opinion so that the educated and happy and good shall feel it a privilege as well as a duty "to give some of their time regularly, year in and year out, to the ignorant, the miserable, and the vicious."

A more diffident lady, not a President or Secretary of any benevolent organization, spoke for the first time. "You must not forget CLARA BARTON."

The others smiled, as another lady asked, "Who is Clara Barton?"

"You remember that I was in Europe in 1884, and I had the good fortune to be present at the meeting of the Red Cross Conference in September, at Geneva. Clara Barton was besieged by admiring men and women, and when at the close of the Conference she made an address, she had a large audience, composed of twenty-five or thirty different nationalities; every person present listened with intense interest, admiring this noble woman, who represented the government of the United States.

"Clara Barton is so modest, that as far as possible she never permits her name to appear in a newspaper article. She was early in her life a teacher, and was as successful in that as in everything that she has attempted to do. When the Civil War began, she devoted herself to the care of the wounded soldiers on the battle-field. She herself went to Andersonville in 1865 to identify and mark the graves of the Union prisoners buried there; and later, President Lincoln placed her in charge of the search for the missing men of the Northern army.

"In recognition of her services during the Franco-German war, she was decorated with the Golden Cross of Baden and the Iron Cross of Germany. But it is the Red Cross that she values. In 1881 she was made President of the American Red Cross Society, whose object is 'to organize a system of national relief, and apply the same in mitigating suffering caused by war, pestilence, famine, and other calamities.' You remember that in 1884 she had charge of the expedition for the relief of the sufferers from the flood in the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Wherever there is national trouble she appears, ready not only personally to relieve suffering, but by her enthusiasm and energy to inspire and organize to speedy effort all who are willing to aid in this noble work."

LOOKING out of the window one evening, a little girl saw the bright full-moon in the eastern sky, and, apparently only a few inches from it, the beautiful planet Jupiter, shining almost as brightly as the moon itself. Gazing intently on them a moment, she exclaimed, "O papa, mamma, see! The moon has laid an egg!"

VICTOR HUGO calls God the "millionnaire of stars."

Our Letter-Box.

THE Editor would like to ask a favor of those who are so kind as to send contributions for this department. Please do not send any more puzzles without their answers. It takes more time than the Editor is master of to work them out. If you wish them to be printed, send the answers with them.

NEW TESTAMENT ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 74 letters.

My 3, 7, 40, 2, 26, 16, was one of the Twelve.

My 59, 22, 11, 13, 17, 51, 18, 14, 4, describes his calling.

My 5, 33, 18, 9, 12, 35, 31, was a convert of Paul's who assisted him in some of his missionary work.

My 1, 46, 8, 30, 21, 50, 18, 19, 25, 58, is the garden in which Jesus passed some of the bitterest hours of his life.

My 70, 24, 71, 34, 27, 15, 37, 38, is the Hebrew name of the spot at which Jesus was crucified.

My 29, 45, 47, 18, 62, 11, and my 18, 3, 23, 36, 49, 17, 16, were two of the disciples.

My 32, 52, 18, 41, 39, 21, is a people to whom one of Paul's epistles is addressed.

My 44, 73, 26, 14, 11, 6, 2, 74, is that into which the widow cast her two mites.

My 21, 65, 18, 72, 28, was one of the brothers of Jesus.

My 11, 48, 19, 59, 59, was all Jesus wished his disciples to take with them when they journeyed.

My 21, 38, 53, 43, 41, 57, 11, Jesus commanded his disciples to be shod with.

My 61, 46, 32, 9, 64, was the ruler of Judea in the time of Christ.

My 62, 42, 3, 63, 22, 14, 21, died with a lie upon his lips.

My 54, 33, 60, 10, 11, was associated with Paul and Barnabas in their missionary work.

My 67, 62, 51, 11, 6, 11, was the birthplace of Paul.

My 5, 55, 2, 50, 58, — 20, 17, 62, 73, 21, is the length of time supposed to have been occupied by Christ's ministry.

My 66, 3, 67, 68, 14, 7, 19, 58, 71, was that disciple whose home was in Cana.

My 54, 56, 73, 58, is a celebrated commercial city of Phoenicia, which was visited by Jesus.

My 37, 69, 18, 66, was sung at the Last Supper.

My whole is a request made to Jesus by his disciples James and John.

ENIGMA V

I AM composed of ten letters.

My 6, 7, 1, is an animal hunted by both cats and dogs.

My 9, 10, 8, 1, is a piece of money.

My 3, 7, 8, is a human being.

My 3, 7, 4, is an outline drawing.

My 4, 2, 8, is what we write with.

My 8, 5, 1, is used to catch fish with.

My whole is a virtue we are all trying to practise as well as preach.

C. H.

SQUARE WORD.

1. He who built the ark.
2. The Latin word for a number, which gives us the name of one of our months.
3. A minute particle.
4. An English word descriptive of something we all hold dear, and for which neither the French nor the German have any word.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

6. What events in the life of Christ took place during the celebration of the Feast of the Passover?
7. What festival of the Christian Church corresponds to that feast?
8. What other event recorded in the New Testament took place during its celebration?
9. What event recorded in the New Testament took place during the celebration of the Feast of Pentecost?
10. What mention do we find in the Gospels of the Feast of Tabernacles

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 2.

ENIGMA III.

"Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." — *Luke* ix. 58.

ANAGRAMS.

1. 'T is distance lends enchantment to the view.
2. Handsome is that handsome does.
3. Love your enemies.

Cross and Square:

D A V I D
A I O
G I V E N
O I N
N Y D I A

Diamond Word Puzzle:

H
R A M
H A M A N
M A R
N

For Youngest Readers.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

BY M. E. P.

ON a grassy knoll, gently sloping to the water's edge, stands a pretty summer residence, sheltered by tall pines and graceful elms, whose limbs form a network, framing one of the most charming pictures imaginable, — a lake bearing the Indian name of Oconomowoc. It is a small lake, irregular in outline, having deep inlets almost enclosed by wooded points, and, connecting it with other lakes, narrow winding streams bordered by overhanging trees.

One of the inmates of "Pebbly Beach" — so this summer home is called — is Master Ed., a bright little fellow of nine summers, the owner of the "Happy Family." This family formerly numbered thirty-five or forty hens and chickens, but a year ago they adopted seven white ducks, in this way: Eddie put some ducks' eggs in a nest under one of the hens, and in four weeks there were seven ducklings.

Biddy hardly knew at first what to make of her brood; they did not look like any chickens she had ever seen before, — they had such queer little spoon-like bills, and webbed feet, and they did walk so funny! And when they tried to chirp, they said "quack!" Nevertheless, she was very proud of them, and made up her mind that she liked them all the better for being unlike the rest of the "family."

One thing worried Biddy very much, however; that was when her ducklings started off toward the water. She almost flew after them, clucking frantically all the while, but all to no avail. On went the ducklings into the water, and to Biddy's great surprise and delight they could swim! How proud she was of them now!

After that the ducklings went down to swim every day, while Biddy stood on the shore, looking on with admiring eyes, and no doubt wishing she could swim, too, — it must be so comfortable in the cool water on warm summer days, she thought. When they had left her alone quite long enough, she would cluck and cluck till they came to her, and then they would all walk up together to the shed, where the ducks would stay content till meal-time.

They grew fast, and by and by were as large as any ducks, — except one, and this poor one had always been lame, and could not get along as well as the others, frequently having to stop and rest on the way to and from the water, for it was quite a walk for a duck to take. But the other ducks were kind, and always waited for her to catch up with them, as if they understood all about it. They became very tame, as were the chickens, and whenever Master Ed. appeared they all surrounded him, keeping up a continuous cackle for something to eat; and when he would start out with a bowl of corn-meal I wish you could have seen and heard them. Such a fluttering of wings, pattering of feet, clucking and quacking! They were so greedy they jumped right into the basins and pans, hardly giving one a chance to put any meal in. They would walk over your feet, and fly right into your lap, should you allow it, so eager were they to get the first taste from the spoon as you were taking it from the bowl.

It was really entertaining. But a more amusing sight was it still, to see the daily procession. Every night, precisely at sunset, one of the ducks, which seemed to be the leader, would "quack, quack, qu-a-c-k," till all had formed in line, one directly back of the other, and then silently and solemnly they would march off to the water. No one could ever quite understand this strange performance; but the line was kept perfectly even all the way, and not a sound could be heard except from the leader, as they started off, and that I suppose was an order to "Forward! march!"

LADY BOUNTIFUL.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

THE EIDER-DUCK.

BY S. L. CLAYES.

(*Concluded from our last.*)

THE ducks come in great numbers to their favorite haunts, and their nests are often placed so close together that care is necessary to avoid stepping upon them while one is walking about. At Vidöe, a valuable breeding-ground in Iceland, almost every little hollow between the rocks is filled with nests. They have also taken possession of rows of holes that have been cut for them in the side of a hill there. However, this is quite exceptional; but in both Iceland and Norway these breeding-grounds are considered very valuable, and transmitted from father to son.

As soon as the eggs are laid, and have received their covering, the owner of the land appears and carries off both eggs and down. At this the ducks, male and female, sometimes protest stoutly, but they are always treated with such gentleness that they do not become afraid of man. Indeed, their confidence is so great that they will permit strangers to approach the nest, the female duck not even attempting to leave her eggs when a hand is laid upon her, though the male is apt to keep close beside the visitor during all the time of his stay.

After the poor little mother discovers that she has been despoiled of her treasures, she at once sets to work, with fresh hopes, upon another nest of eggs and down. As soon as this second task is completed, her home is again invaded, though ever so gently. This time she loses all the down, but a part of her eggs are spared.

She can lay more eggs, but, alas! her breast is bare of the down in which they must be imbedded. Now the male duck comes to her aid, giving for this third set of eggs the down from his sides. The down from the male duck is easily recognized by the Icelanders, being of a paler color; and a nest lined with this down is robbed no more, for the farmer well knows that if no young were raised, the valuable eider-ducks would soon disappear.

By this time the birds have become very tame, and the greatest care is exercised that they may not be frightened or disturbed. No passing ship is allowed to salute by firing a gun; and the heaviest penalties follow the killing of one of the ducks with gun or pistol, or even making the attempt.

The hatching occupies something more than four weeks; and almost as soon as the little ducklings escape from the shell, the mother starts towards the sea, calling and encouraging them to follow her. On reaching the water's edge she takes her babies upon her back, and swims with them out into the sea. Presently she dives, and the little creatures find themselves thrown upon their own resources in the water. At first they struggle, protest, and are frightened, but soon discover that they can swim, and like it. They do not return to the nest again, but the family make a new home upon rocks so close beside the sea as to be constantly washed by its waters, and covered with sea-weed.

The first year the young ducks are clothed in a soft gray plumage; this becomes darker the second year. But they do not attain to their full color until the third year; then they are very pretty birds. They are somewhat larger than our common ducks. The male has a black breast, but his neck and all of his upper parts are pure white, except his cheeks, which have a greenish tint. On his head he carries a crest of blackest velvet that looks like a little crown. The female is of a pale brown color, tinged with red, and crossed at intervals with bars of dark brown. If they live to be old, both male and female lose their bright colors and turn gray.

The eider-duck abounds within the arctic circle, and for some distance to the south; but it becomes rare when more temperate regions are reached. The Fern Islands are the most southern breeding-place they have on the British coast, and the Bay of Fundy in America. Their nests are found in great numbers in Labrador, but there no effort has been made to collect the down. The Norwegians and Icelanders count upon half a pound of down from each nest every year, though this quantity becomes somewhat less when cleaned.

One can hardly imagine anything more elastic than the true eider-down. It is said that three-fourths of an ounce will fill a large hat, while two or three pounds can be pressed into a ball and held in the hand. It is put to various uses, but the chief is that of a stuffing for bed-coverings. Quilts thus stuffed are very light and warm, and are common all over the Continent of Europe, but especially in Germany, where they almost do away with the use of blankets.

TOO SURE.

BY HELEN M. HARMER.

"I WOULD never do a mean action or a dishonorable thing," said Walter Longley, a self-satisfied smile curling his lip. "I would scorn to bring disgrace upon my father's name as George Duncan has done."

"Don't be too sure, Walter," replied his father, kindly. "I trust you will always keep our name unspotted, as your forefathers have done; but remember, my boy, there is little credit in keeping straight if you are never tempted to go wrong."

"Then I shall never be really brave, Father," answered Walter, proudly; "for the moment I knew a thing was wrong, all wish to have, or do it, would cease."

"I wish we could all say the same," said Mr. Longley, drawing on his last glove preparatory to starting for his business in the city; "but I would advise you, my boy, to ponder well on those helpful words, 'Let him who thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.'"

"Papa will never understand me," thought Walter, smiling complacently, as he watched his father get into the street-car he had stopped. "Why, it is quite as impossible for some people to be mean as it is for others to be just."

It was vacation time now, and as his mother and sister were away at the seaside, where Walter was to join them in a week, he was left to amuse himself in the way he liked best; so taking a favorite story-book, he threw himself into a cool hammock on the front lawn and began to read.

Just as he was completely lost in the interest of his book, he felt the hammock give a sudden lurch, that nearly sent him on the grass.

"Did I startle you, old fellow?" said a pleasant voice, and Walter looked up to find one of his schoolmates standing by his side.

"Of course you did, Dick," replied Walter, not very graciously. "What induced you to come up the lawn in that creepy way?"

"Well," said Dick, laughing, "you looked so intensely lazy, I thought I would give you a gentle rock-off to sleep."

"Very gentle it was!" answered Walter, more pleasantly, yielding to his friend's good temper. "What are you doing to-day?"

"Wasting my valuable time on you, just at present," said Dick. "But I have lots of writing to do for Father to-day; all the books have got behind since Mr. Melton left, and Papa has no time to put them right."

"Why can't your father get another book-keeper? It 's too bad you should have to work in your holidays."

"It would be worse for Papa to have to pay for work that I can easily do," replied Dick; "but what do you mean to do, to-day? You seem to be having a good time of it."

"Oh, well," said Walter, "a fellow does n't expect to work all the time — but I nearly forgot, I have that essay to write. I am sure not to do it at the seaside, and it would be a pity to lose the prize after getting it for two years."

"A great pity!" answered Dick, his pleasant face glowing with admiration. "Oh, Walter, if I only had your talent for writing, I too might get a prize!"

"Oh, it 's born in a fellow, I suppose," replied Walter, conceitedly; "besides, one needs to be well used to that kind of thing to make anything of it. But I say, Dick, you write one, and I 'll send it with mine, if you like: maybe you might get a third prize; only don't set your heart on it too much, for there are plenty of smart fellows trying for it, I can tell you!"

"That means I am not smart, I suppose," said Dick. "Really, though, if I had your self-satisfaction I might perhaps turn out something great; still, I 'd like to try just for the fun of the thing. When do the essays have to be sent in?"

"By Thursday, at the latest; that only gives you to-morrow. Perhaps you had better leave it till next year, Dick."

"What! jealous, old boy?" cried Dick, with a merry laugh. "Surely your 're not afraid that such an insignificant fellow as Dick Marlow could beat Walter the Great!"

"Now, your 're making fun of me!" retorted Walter, angrily; "but send your paper, by all means. I fancy if you had won a prize for two years, you would feel pretty sure of it the third."

"I know I should," replied Dick; "I did n't mean to vex you: why, you know well enough you are twice as clever as I shall ever be. But I must be off to my books, or I 'll get no time to write to-morrow."

"Well, send me your essay," said Walter, mollified by his friend's sincere admiration for his talents; "I shall send them to-morrow night."

The prize of which Walter felt so sure was the first of three, given annually in the town where the boys lived, for the best essay on the prevention of cruelty to animals. Laziness prevented a great many boys of fair ability from trying, and fear of ridicule if they failed deterred others.

Walter, however, had a taste for writing, and having succeeded in winning the best at his first attempt, thought he must be gifted with unusual talent, and so grew to think himself very superior to most of his schoolmates.

"It 's not likely Dick will get a prize," thought Walter, as he opened his desk, "but it won't hurt him to try."

On Wednesday, about four hours before mail time, Dick's little brother came over with a

neatly folded paper, and a short note asking Walter to read the essay through, and if he thought it too poor, not to trouble about sending it.

Smiling, Walter took the paper to his own room, and began to read. "Only just half as long as mine," he thought, as he counted the pages; "I wonder what it is like." But as he read on, the smile died from his lips, and he became absorbed by the earnest pleading love for dumb animals, written with so much force and pathos. Now, Walter was not so vain or conceited that he could not feel in a moment that Dick's essay was much more to the point and twice as well written as his own.

"I can't send it," he muttered, when he had finished reading the paper over three times; "he would be sure to get the first prize. If I had thought he could write like this, I would never have said anything to him about writing. No, he doesn't think much of it, evidently; so I'll just send off mine, and tell him to practise up for next year."

But suddenly there came to Walter's mind the words he had spoken so proudly only the other day, and his father's kindly warning. Could any action be meaner and more cowardly than to keep back his friend's paper because it happened to be better than his own? Where was his boasted strength, now that he was so sorely tempted?

Hitherto, Walter's life had run so smoothly that his first trouble came upon him with double force. Vainly he tried to quiet his scruples by saying that Dick would never have thought of it but for him: he knew now that his honor was all false, and that the things that seemed so easy in theory were bitterly hard in practice.

For the first time, Walter felt a little sympathy with others who had fallen from the straight path of duty. But it was not easy for him to conquer his strong desire to keep back the paper; and when at last, close upon the time for the mail going out, he reluctantly tied up the papers and sent them off, his heart was filled with bitter, regretful feeling.

How could he ever face all the boys if Dick, whom they had always called good-natured but nothing more, took the first prize, and he, who was thought so clever, took a lower one. And worse, far worse than everything else, Walter saw how he had deceived himself in regard to his strength of character: had he not at once seen the wrong thing he had been about to do, and yet how much it had cost him to resist it!

Sad and ashamed, Walter sat, forgetting how the time was flying, till he heard the front-door open and shut, and knew his father had returned. Hastily washing his hands, he went downstairs, hoping his father would notice no difference in his manner. But Mr. Longley's keen eyes soon detected that something was wrong, and a few kindly questions soon elicited the story from Walter's trembling lips.

"Oh, Papa," he said, as his father placed his hand affectionately on his shoulder, "I can never look any one in the face again, after wanting to be so mean!"

"My boy," said Mr. Longley, earnestly, "you cannot understand how thankful and happy I feel. I was sorely afraid that when temptation came you would have fallen merely because you were too sure of yourself."

"And you don't think I have dishonored your name, Papa?"

"No, Walter, I think you have begun to honor it; and if you succeed in feeling glad even though Dick should win the first prize, I shall be far more pleased and proud of my son than if he had won the best prize ever offered."

It was not till long after Walter had returned from his trip to the seaside, that the winners in the prize competition were informed of their success. The first prize essay alone was printed, and it was Walter who carried the paper to Dick's home, that his delighted family might have the pleasure of seeing their own name in print.

Walter had won no prize, but received a kindly letter advising him to take pains and care in the future, if he wished to climb the ladder of fame.

"You see, my dear Walter," said Mr. Longley, when he had finished reading the letter, "this all comes of feeling too sure. You thought you wrote so well, that you did not bestow as much care on the essay as usual. Let this be a lesson, my boy, and remember it is not well to be too self-satisfied."

And Walter did learn the lesson truly, and all his friends and schoolmates respected him twice as much when, instead of saying he could do a thing, he said he would try.

RULES FOR THE JOURNAL OF LIFE.

Never ridicule sacred things, or what others esteem to be such, however absurd they may appear to be.

Never show levity when people are professedly engaged in worship.

Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it.

Never judge a person's character by outward appearance.

Always take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never think the worse of another on account of his differing from you in politics or religious opinions.

Never dispute if you can fairly avoid it.

Never affect to be witty, or jest so as to wound the feelings of another.

Say as little as possible of yourself and of those who are near to you.

Aim at cheerfulness without levity.

Never obtrude advice unasked.

Never court the favor of the rich by flattering either their vanities or vices.

Teachers' Department.

THE GREAT CHASM, AND HOW TO BRIDGE IT.

BY REV. W. H. LYON,

President of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society.

(A paper read before the Sunday-School Union).

Any one who watches the ascent of children in the path of religious development, so far as that is shown by their connection with religious institutions, must see the gulf that yawns between Sunday-school and church. We have to consider how to get more young people across it. It does not seem a very wide or deep chasm; in fact, to the inexperienced eye there is no chasm at all. It seems as if there ought to be no trouble. It is only a few feet from the chapel to the church auditorium, a passage-way carpeted and covered and warmed and lighted, everything made easy on the way, and at the other end a pleasant church and soft pew-cushions to rest on. It is the very luxury of climbing.

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?"

Apparently yes, if the boy is to get there at all. But very often he does *not* get there. That short passage-way from chapel to church proves worse than the *crevasse* in a glacier, worse than if the floor were shaken away by an earthquake and a chasm of unfathomable depth were opened down into the darkness. Worse, for if there were such a chasm every spirited boy would be for leaping it, and every gallant boy would be eager to help every girl across with him. As it is, it seems to take an exceptional spirit to dare the easy walk, an unusual love for religion, or an unusual training and urging at home. The great majority of young men and women, when they have climbed up over the successive classes of the Sunday-school, come and look at this chasm, and pass by, not on the *other* side, but upon the *outside*, of the church.

Now, you and I have presumably been there before. We have crossed this chasm ourselves, and now we have come back to the lower side, not only to help the boys and girls to climb up to the *crevasse*, but to help them over it, and land them where they can continue their upward walk to the wider and grander view of the human life that stretches below, and of the overarching power and love of God above. A few choice spirits will need no urging, — they will leap of themselves. But where is the plank for the rest?

I believe it to be the *Pastor's Class*. We need the influence and urging of parents and teachers and friends, but we need some such special means as I have mentioned. Our Episcopalian brethren — who in spite of their many and grievous departures from the true and original Christian faith, have much to teach us in the way of practical work and organization — have what they call a "confirmation class" formed every year out of those who are of the right age and purpose. The last report of the Bishop of Massachusetts shows that in 153 churches 1628 were confirmed during the past year, — an average of something over ten to each church, the largest number in any one church being fifty-six. We have only to make an easy arithmetical calculation to see how important an element of strength this must be to any church, — the addition every year, not merely to the congregation but to that intelligent and loyal nucleus which makes the strength of every church, of from ten to fifty or sixty young men and women, well instructed and interested in doctrines and usages. The great danger to some of our churches to-day is not the smallness of their congregations; nor would it betoken any permanent strength to have the congregations merely enlarged. Our strength must lie in the understanding and the heart of the individual, for without firm stones the mortar of organization will be of little use. As unbaked brick and Portland cement, so is a showy and theoretically perfect scheme of organization without men and women who know why they are in that church instead of in some other. Not a year passes in the life of any earnest minister, not a single serious talk is held with any young person in his parish, without a mortifying sense of the ignorance of Unitarian principles and history that prevails among the young and the old. You may recall that passage in "Felix Holt" where the Rev. Mr. Lyon, after an interview with Mrs. Holt, threw himself down in his armchair in despair, and said (I have to quote from memory): "Great heavens! Here is a woman who all her life has enjoyed gospel privileges, attended church, Bible-class, and prayer-meeting, and read her Bible every day, and yet she does not know the first principles of Christianity!" Have you not known just such babes in Christ as that among ourselves? They form an alarmingly large part of all our congregations. They are with us because social reasons, or neighborhood convenience, or possibly an indolent family tradition led them to us. But out of this transient material no lasting institutions can be built, and by such light mental substance no deep impression upon a community can be made. With the older people not much can be done. But with the younger and more plastic natures something *must* be done.

How far this state of things is the fault of the clergy, I am not anxious to say. But all my own experience goes to show the value and the very satisfactory effect of work upon the individual, — of bringing single souls under the direct influence of the minister. I do not know how this can be begun or done better than by his taking charge of the young men and women at that critical time when they begin to feel themselves too old for the Sunday-school, and to be impatient under lay instruction. I do not mean any slight upon lay instruction in itself; it is often better than the clerical; it often comes closer to the life of the young than the more scholastic and formal conversation of the minister. But ministers have the same advantage over laymen in controlling and steadying young people that the regular troops have over the town militia in cases of riot. They are made of no better stuff; but they are not so familiarly known, and they represent the principle of authority. If a minister can make himself both loved and respected by his young people, it would seem as if by virtue of his office he would do better than anybody else in taking charge of this transitional class.

The difficulties in the way of carrying out this suggestion are very great, as many of us know by experience; and yet in spite of these difficulties it is worth while to do what can be done for so important an end. To have a class of young persons entering the church every year, whether by a ceremony of consecration, or by simply enrolling themselves among the congregation; to have them well grounded in the principles and history of their faith and well informed in the meaning of the various parts of the church service, — that is something that is worth a great deal of care and labor. And if it is generally understood that such a class is the natural destination and privilege or requirement of every scholar, it will round off the Sunday-school period instead of leaving it, as now, with a broken and ragged edge, and will make each one in it feel bound to remain and finish off there.

A few words as to the preparation for this plank. The edge of the chasm has got to be levelled on both sides. So far as possible the devotional services of the church should be introduced into the Sunday-school, so that when the scholar finds himself at any time in a pew, he shall feel himself at home at least in parts of the worship. It does me good when I see the faces of the children of my Sunday-school who happen to come to church light up when we get to the Lord's Prayer and the little singing sentence that follows it in our service. If the church uses the Psalms it would be well if the Sunday-school were to use the same book; and though it would be tedious for the children to sing only congregational tunes, yet they ought to know the more familiar ones, and to sing them mingled with their own more appropriate and melodious sacred songs. In all church life there is nothing more beautiful than to see a whole family joining in the same service; and though it is absurd to charge the Sunday-school with the blame of breaking this up, we must try through the Sunday-school to restore it.

Time and your patience would fail me if I lingered as long as I wished upon the importance of diffusing throughout Sunday-school and church, parents and children, the idea that the Sunday-school is preparatory for church life, and that there are or should be some means of bridging over the great chasm between them, — which is as much to be insisted upon as the school itself. To spread this idea, and to prepare for its realization, I trust will be one of the purposes and results of this Union and of our Sunday-School Society.

KITCHEN-ANGELS.

In one of Murillo's pictures in the Louvre, he shows us the interior of a convent kitchen; but doing the work, there are not mortals in old dresses, but beautiful white-winged angels. One serenely puts the kettle on the fire to boil, and one is lifting up a pail of water with heavenly grace, and one is at the kitchen-dresser reaching up for plates; and I believe there is a little cherub running about and getting in the way, trying to help. What the old monkish legend that it represented is, I do not know. But as the painter puts it to you on his canvas, all are so busy, and working with such a will, and so refining the work as they do it, that somehow you forget that pans are pans and pots pots, and only think of the angels, and how very natural and beautiful kitchen-work is, — just what the angels would do, of course.

It is the angel aim and standard in an act that consecrates it. He who aims for perfectness in a trifle, is trying to do that trifle holily. This aspiration for perfect doing, is it not religion practicalized? — *W. C. Gannett.*

Hints to Teachers.

THE TEACHER'S THREE "I'S."

No. 1. — Interest.

How shall I interest my pupils, does some teacher ask? First let us state some general principles, and then we can proceed to specific suggestions.

1. Pupils will be interested in a lesson if they are interested in their teacher. As interest begets interest, those pupils will be most likely to care for their teacher who are the objects of the teacher's loving care and affectionate interest.

2. "The best Sunday-school teachers," says Dr. Trumbull, "are in the habit of having and showing an interest in all that concerns the personal character and welfare of their scholars." This will seem to many teachers a hard requirement: "It is high, I cannot attain unto it." Yet no Sunday-school teacher can succeed who does not make it his aim to be the friend and guide of his pupils as well as their instructor; to know them in their daily lives, and show a hearty sympathy with them in their common tasks, pursuits, and pleasures.

3. The effect of taking such an interest in your pupils will be to awaken in their hearts such a friendship towards you, that they will attend both to the studying and the reciting of their Sunday-school lessons from the motive of personal affection for their teacher.

But let us proceed to more specific directions.

1. Interest in the class-recitation will be promoted by an interest previously taken in the lesson to be recited. If then your scholars are in the habit of neglecting to prepare their lessons, do something yourself to stimulate such preparation. At each recitation have a *pre-view* of the next lesson. Outline the points you intend to consider; show the importance of the topic, and how interesting it also may become if looked at aright. Ask individual members of the class to oblige you by looking up this or that special point. Make your pupils feel that they are to be co-workers with you.

2. In the recitation connect the lesson-topic, when this can be done, with the things of common life in which the pupils are already interested. Even the geography of Palestine will be interesting if it is brought into relation or comparison with the geography of New England, or of such other parts of the country as your pupils have travelled in.

3. An illustration right here is worth more than a suggestion. Dr. Trumbull relates that once having to teach a class of fun-loving, roguish boys in a city Mission-school the 53d chapter of Isaiah, he began by asking if any of the boys had ever seen a sheep-shearing. One of them had, and told all about it in such a lively fashion that the interest of all the rest was fully excited. "Well, boys," said the teacher, "let us open our Bibles and see what is said in them about sheep-shearing." The verse, "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth," was then read and explained to an attentive class and the interest thus gained was held to the end of the recitation-hour. Can you not "go and do likewise"?

A NEW KIND OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

BY GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

This simple method of conducting a Sunday-school lesson proved useful and entertaining to a class of young ladies at Concord, and has been requested for use in a large city. Each scholar in turn chose each Sunday a topic to be discussed at the next meeting of the class. Every scholar during the week found texts, or one or more passages of Scripture illustrative of this topic, and committed them to memory. After the public exercises of the school, the scholars recited their verses in turn, and discussed them with the teacher before proceeding to the next, which were also in turn treated in the same manner. The interest was very well maintained, as each scholar took an equal part and tried to do her best. After the texts, verses of poetry or hymns were in order, each following the general idea of the subject. The subjects chosen by the young people were varied in character, and often suggested by the sermon of the day, — such themes as Consolation, Love, Hope, Judgment, Prophecy, Sympathy, Faith, etc., being used, with many others.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

The Sunday-school of the First Parish in Providence, R.I., reports that it has begun the year with additions to its numbers, and that a fine spirit is evidenced. The school is using the "Teachings of Jesus," and also the new "Quarterly Lessons on Forty Hymns."

The Lend-a-Hand Club connected with the Channing Church in Newport extends a helping hand to people near home as well as to those who are far away. At Christmas time it dresses the Sunday-school tree over again and gives gifts and a good time to our eighty poor children. It sustains a lending library, the books and periodicals from which its members take to persons too old or too ill to get books from the Public Library. Old people are the special care of these Lend-a-Handers. One of the members of the Club writes: "We find work for the strong, tend the sick, and give free rides to the beach in summer." The Club also makes scrap-books for a day-nursery. Here are many things that might be done in other places by loving hearts and helping hands among our Sunday-school scholars.

We hope to give our readers in the next number of Every Other Sunday a letter from one of the teachers in the Montana Industrial school where Mr. and Mrs. Bond — missionaries of the American Unitarian Association — are doing such a noble work.

A second edition of the "Manual of Temperance Services and Hymns" has just been published. This Manual ought to be in every Unitarian Sunday-school. Apart from the value of the services, the music and the hymns alone are worth more than the price of the Manual. A sample copy will be sent, post free, to any address for ten cents.

The uniform subscription price of Every Other Sunday is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper, will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools.

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